Qu. Alas poore ſoule, I enuie not thy glory,
To feede my humor, wiſh thy ſelfe no harme.
Dut. Glo. No, when he that is my husband now,
Came to me I followed *Henries* courſe,
When ſcarſe the blood was well waſht from his hands,
Which iſſued from my other angell husband,
And that dead ſaint, which then I weeping followed,
O, when I ſay, I lookt on *Richards* face,
This was my wiſh, be thou quoth I accurſt,
For making me ſo yong, ſo old a widow.
And when thou wedſt, let ſorrow haunt thy bed,
And be thy wife if any be ſo badde
As miſerable by the death of thee,
As thou haſt made me by my deare Lords death,
Loe, euen I can repeate this curſe againe,
Euen in ſo ſhort a ſpace, my womans heart
Croſly grew captiue to his hony words,
And prou'd the ſubiects of my owne ſoules curſe,
Which euer ſince hath kept mine eyes from ſleepe,
For neuer yet, one houre in his bed,
Haue I enioyed the golden dew of ſleepe,
Bnt haue bene waked by his timerous dreames,
Beſides, he hates me for my father *Warwicke*,
And will ſhortly be rid of me.
Qu. Alas poore ſoule, I pittie thy complaints.
Dut. Glo. No more then from my ſoule I mourne for yours
Qu. Farewell, thou woefull welcomer of glorie.
Dut. Glo. Adue poore ſoule, thou takſt thy leaue of it.
Dut. Yor. Go thou to *Richmond*, & good fortune guide thee
Go thou to *Richard*, and good Angels guard thee,
Go thou to ſanctuarie, good thoughts poſſeſſe thee,
I to my graue where peace and reſt lie with me,
Eightie old yeares of ſorrow haue I ſeene,
And each houres ioy wrackt with a weeke of teene.

The Trumpets ſound, Enter Richard crowned, Buckingham, Catesby, with other Nobles.

King. Stand all apart. Coſen of *Buckingham*,
Giue me thy hand: *Here he aſcendeth his throne.*

Thus high by thy aduice
And thy aſſiſtance is King *Richard* ſea
But ſhall wee weare theſe honours for
Or ſhall they laſt, and we reioyce in the
Buc. Still liue they, and for euer may
Kin. Ri. O *Buckingham*, now I doe pla
To trie if thou be currant gold indeed
Yong *Edward* liues: thinke now what
Buc. Say on my gratious ſoueraign
King. Why *Buckingham*, I ſay I wou
Buc. Why ſo you are my thrice reno
Kin. Ha: am I King? tis ſo, but *Ed*
Buc. True noble Prince.
Kin. O bitter conſequence,
That *Edward* ſtill ſhould liue true no
Coſen, thou wert not wont to be ſo du
Shall I be plaine? I wiſh the baſtards
And I would haue it ſuddenly perfor
What ſaieſt thou? ſpeake ſuddenly, b
Buc. Your grace may do your plea
King. Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy
Say, haue I thy conſent that they ſhall
Buc. Giue me ſome breath, ſome litt
Before I poſitiuely ſpeake herein:
I will reſolue your grace immediatly.
Cat. The King is angry, ſee, he bites
King. I will conuerſe with iron witt
And vnreſpectiue boyes, none are fo
That looke into me with conſiderate
Boy, high reaching *Buckingham* grow
Boy. Lord.
King. Knowſt thou not any whom
Would tempt vnto a cloſe exploit of
Boy. My Lord, I know a diſcontent
Whoſe humble meanes match not h
Gold were as good as twentie Orator
And will no doubt tempt him to any
King. What is his name?
Boy. His name my Lord, is Terrill.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22319) LONDON, 1622 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.50)